The Hiſtorie of

Henrie the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle
Weſtmerland, with others,

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pa
And breath ſhort winded accents of ne
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre re
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſo
Shall daube her lippes with her owne
No more ſhall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruſe her flourets with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maiſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,